

THE
CREATION
OF
WOMEN;
A
POEM.



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CRITICAL



The ARGUMENT.

THE hint of the following verses is taken from a part of the remains of the old Greek Poet Simonides; which has been so well approved of as to meet with a translation into Latin by Buchanan, and into English by Addison in the Spectator, N^o. 209. Out of the several bad characters in the original only these following are taken notice of; namely, the Slut, the Notable Woman, the Censorious, the Insignificant, the Scold and the Beauty: and as proper companions for these are chose out of the male part of the Species, it is hoped the Ladies will think themselves revenged of the affronts cast upon them by the unmannerly Grecian.

It signifies nothing to the merit of these lines, that they are publish'd without the author's consent, though not without his knowledge. If the world is idle enough to concern themselves about them, or impertinent enough to enquire after the author, the only way to satisfy its curiosity is to praise them; otherwise he has taken care to keep himself in obscurity.



THE
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WHEN *Jove* had measur'd out the spacious earth,
And given to various animals their birth,
Man He created sovereign lord of all;
And bade him rule o'er the terrestrial Ball:
Each beast, and fish, and all the feather'd brood,
Were his supplies for raiment and for food:
Plants, fruits and flowers sprang forth in order bright,
To please his palate and to charm his sight.
Happy awhile around he joy'd to range,
But soon the fickle creature long'd for change;
Tir'd with a quiet solitary life,
In an ill hour he begg'd from *Jove* a wife.

The Thunderer hear'd; and thus in awful state
Pronounc'd—th' inferior Gods attentive wait.

Behold this wretch, whom I so lately made
 With reason's light and godlike form array'd;
 He, whom I view'd with pleasure and with pride,
 Requires a wife; O reason misappli'd!
 By *Juno*, the disturber of my rest,
 I'll punish him, and grant him his request.
 Like lustful brutes he shall his sons create;
 His sons shall be partakers of his fate.

Women shall be; whose souls I will compound
 From different creatures on their earthly ground;
 Each man shall choose out one, as I ordain,
 And tug till death the tiresome marriage chain.

Some from the *Swinish Herd* I will compose;
 And soon they shall discover whence they rose:
 In dirt and nastiness they shall delight,
 Bask in the Sun all day, and batten all the night:
 Their food they shall devour with glutton's haste,
 And swallow all with undiscerning taste:
 Each action their original shall prove,
 From bed to board with hands impure they'll move,
 And linen foul, that antidote to Love.

This sort the *Fox-hunter* robust shall wed;
 He that to follow dogs and beasts is bred.
 In mutual filthiness they shall agree,
 And both unite in odious harmony.
 His hounds shall range the house, and on the bed,
 Or downy couch their greasy limbs shall spread:
 In parlour or in kitchen they shall dwell,
 Unhurt by scolding look, or whip and bell.
 He when the fox is slain or timorous hare,
 With fellow-savages shall home repair:

There soon his little sense shall disappear
 In clouds of smoke, and drenches of stale beer:
 The hall with frequent huzzas shall resound;
 And notes that imitate the deep-mouth'd hound:
 Till drunk at last he staggers to his bed,
 Snores out the night, and wakes with aking head:
 His wife and favourite *Joler* with him rest,
 With his embraces equally carefs'd.

The *Fox*, endued with witty tricks and art,
 Shall furnish forth another female heart:
 With thee in cunning, *Hermes*, she may vye,
 And equal *Proteus* in variety:
 The morning she shall spend before her glass,
 And to her different aims compose her face:
 Sometimes she'll look demure with prudish airs,
 Frequent the church and seem to say her prayers:
 Sometimes coquettish, fanciful and gay,
 She'll laugh aloud, and jaunt to park and play.

The peaceful *citizen* shall be her mate,
 And ample horns shall grace his sober pate.
 She shall the hymeneal bed abuse,
 And him with feigned jealousy accuse:
 If costly furniture or equipage,
 Or gilded chariot should her soul engage;
 Then she shall summon all her wit and charms,
 And the good man clasp fondly in her arms:
 Awhile reluctant, he at length submits
 To powerful tears, and ever-conquering fits.
 Purg'd with these tryals, death shall set him free,
 And give him up to immortality.
 To Heaven and thee, O *Vulcan*, he shall come;
 The just reward ordain'd for cuckoldom.

Some from the *Dog* shall take their origin,
 Sufficient tortures for the worst of men.
 Infernal envy shall their bosoms fill,
 Nor shall their nimble tongues be ever still:
 To scandal they shall lend a list'n'g ear,
 And publish and improve whate'er they hear.
 They all their neighbour's follies shall reveal,
 And all their virtues spitefully conceal.
 In private they shall act those very crimes,
 For which aloud they rail, and wonder at the times:
 They into all things, good and bad, shall pry,
 Spurr'd on by restless curiosity.
 But this indeed would be a general fault,
 And in the frame of the whole sex be wrought;
 In this shall shine distinct the female race,
 And love of power hold but the second place.

Where shall we find a wretch, his soul to tease,
 By yoking him to such a wife as these?
 Th' ill-natur'd *Critick*: he who toils all day,
 And whilst the midnight taper wastes away,
 In books he hunts; faults are his only prey.
 His squeamish appetite correctness cloy,
 And imperfections raise his sullen joys.
 Trifling disputes their table shall molest,
 And midnight quarrels interrupt their rest:
 Thus shall they rub through an uneasy life,
 Such shall be snarling——such his wife.

Others from earth their being shall receive,
 Both soul and body the same clod shall give,
 So dull, they hardly shall be said to live.

Unactive they shall tell their destin'd years,
 Strangers to love or hatred, joys or tears:
 At stated hours shall rise, eat, drink and sleep,
 And the same tenour all their lives shall keep.

That other lump of animated clay,
 With such is doom'd his gouty limbs to lay,
 The *Country Justice*; partners well combin'd,
 Where earth to earth, and dust to dust are join'd.
 In silent state o'er them and o'er their train,
 Stupidity and indolence shall reign.
 Time, who from happier mortals hastes away,
 With these shall clip his wings and tedious stay.
 His Worship, free from passion or design;
 With wrong-spell'd name shall unread warrants sign;
 His terrors shall impartially dispense,
 Without regard to guilt or innocence.

He, when his weather-glass mounts up to fair,
 Shall gravely stalk abroad and draw fresh air:
 But when pale *Phoebus* rolls his orb away,
 And gloomy fogs obscure the short'ned day,
 To humdrum clubs he nightly shall repair,
 Drink half a pint, and smoak in elbow-chair;
 Or else at home his patient consort tire,
 Tell an old tale, and hover o'er the fire.

Another portion of man's miseries,
 Like thee, my *Venus*, from the *Sea* shall rise.
 But not like thee adorn'd with every grace,
 Nor with eternal sweetness in her face,
 Her breast with various passions shall be rent,
 And raging as the watery element.
 She never shall confess a mind sedate,
 But either Devil or Angel imitate.

Sometimes indeed gay mirth, and sprightly joy,
 Shall cheer her face, and her whole soul employ;
 Haply some stranger, with this pleasant fit
 Deceiv'd shall praise her temper, and her wit;
 Shall think with envy on her husband's state,
 And tempted thus shall gorge the marriage bait.
 But the poor slave, who wastes with her his days,
 Will know how undeserv'd is her praise:
 Will know how transient is that pleasant vein,
 How long, how violent her passions reign.
 He shall behold her redd'ning anger rise,
 Deform her features, and inflame her eyes;
 With horror he shall hear her gusts of rage,
 Which neither prayers nor threat'ning can assuage;
 The tempest of her troubled soul shall dread,
 Nor rais'd by reason, nor by reason laid.

Thus when the boist'rous winds surcease to blow,
 The smiling ocean calms his rugged brow,
 Augments the glories of the beauteous day,
 And trembling sunbeams on his surface play:
 But after roar aloud, and swelling high
 With his proud waves threatens the neighbouring sky,
 Elate with warring winds; whilst none below
 Shall tell from whence they come, nor where they go.

No sort of mortals shall this torment shun,
 A common ill, and not confin'd to one.
 The jolly *Sailor* shall the happiest prove
 Of those that suffer so ill-star'd a love.
 He when his spouse with mirth and smiles looks gay,
 With her at home shall pass the cheerful day;
 Intent upon the present merry hour,
 Of what is past or what's to come secure;

But with her clamours when the house resounds,
 And discord fell the short-liv'd peace confounds;
 He unconcern'd shall bid the storm blow on,
 Or drown her railings in a louder tone;
 Or to the tavern safely shall retreat,
 Enjoy his friends, and angry Dear forget;
 Jocund shall empty the capacious bowl,
 And with the earthly nectar cheer his soul.

The next sort I will fashion from the *Mare*,
 With well-shap'd limbs adorn'd and flowing hair:
 In outward form elaborate they shall shine,
 Work'd up with purest clay, and skill divine:
 Bred to the taste of lustful appetite,
 But void of heaven-born truth and innocence.
 These shall with art their native charms improve,
 And with their paint and patches kindle love.
 With sweet perfumes they shall enchant the smell,
 And tuneful accents on their tongues shall dwell.
 No household cares shall damp their youthful fire,
 Nor curious needlework their fingers tire:
 Their care shall be to ensnare the gazer's heart,
 With studied negligence to hide their art;
 To roll the amorous eye with wanton glance,
 And gracefully to urge the sprightly dance.

To these mankind shall with devotion bend,
 To these the incense due to us shall send;
 Shall stile them goddesses, and heaven or hell
 In their capricious smiles or frowns shall dwell:
 To stars or suns they shall compare their eyes,
 And ransack for similitudes the skies.
 Princes and mighty Kings, those gods below,
 Shall own their beauties and ignobly bow;

Fame shall neglect and the big sound of arms,
Luxuriously to riot in their charms.

Thus shall these nymphs their youthful days employ
In happy circles of returning joy.
But when at length their vigour shall decay,
And all their heavenly beauties fade away;
Turn'd off to beggary they shall lament
Their heaps of wealth ill-gotten and ill-spent;
Shall curse their beings, whilst each past delight
Shall aggravate their present woful plight:
Rot with diseases sprung from *Cupid's* fire,
To some blind alley they shall then retire;
Subservient there to drudgery impure,
And when they cannot practise, shall procure.

If haply, whilst their charms admirers find,
To *Hymen's* sacred rites they are inclin'd,
Some well-dress'd empty fool, void of desert,
Effeminate, shall captivate their heart:
Awhile they shall applaud their mutual choice,
Till the first moon shall change their honied joys:
Then love shall wing his flight, and in his stead
Neglect and cold indifference shall succeed.
The Coxcomb then in wine and fatal play
Shall soon profusely fling his wealth away;
Whilst Madam, tir'd with sleeping nights alone,
To others shall her scorn'd charms bemoan,
And fill his house with children not his own.
But when old age shall unperceiv'd steal on,
When the beau's gold and lady's charms are gone,
Their days in accusations they shall spend,
Till death implor'd shall the vain contest end.

Thus

Thus far in wrath I've fram'd the female kind,
 To discontented man a scourge design'd.
 Justice appeas'd, let vengeance now be gone,
 And gentle mercy reassume the throne.

The other part shall manifest that *Jove*
 Deals forth impartially both hate and love.
 This wondrous blessing from the *Bee* I'll mold,
 With sweetness fill'd, and thighs o'erspread with gold.
 I'll form them beauteous as a Deiry;
 But beauty shall their least perfection be.
 Their inward frame shall be the most compleat,
 Where virtue and her train may keep their seat.
 There wisdom's ray shall innocence refine,
 Good nature there and modesty shall join.
 They shall excell in every state of life,
 The best companions, daughter, parent, wife.
 Even we our selves, who shall their souls create,
 Attempt in vain their virtues to relate.
 Even we our selves, charm'd with so rich a prize
 May leave awhile our thunder and our skies,
 Content in borrow'd shapes the God t'obscure,
 And own our selves subjected to their power
 Their sex with rage and envy foul shall boil,
 And to these diamonds be an useless foil.
 The *Swine*, the *Fox*, the *Dog*, *Earth*, *Mare* and *Sea*
 With pride innate shall judge themselves thee *Bee*.
 All lovers, blinded with th'enchanted dart,
 Shall think the *Bee* the object of their heart,
 Happy, could they for ever thus believe!
 But small experience them shall undeceive

Blest is the man, blest as the heavenly train,
 Who shall th' inestimable treasure gain:
 No coyness, nor affected complaisance
 Shall lead him wandering through a mazy dance,
 No painful doubts shall vex his constant flame,
 With pleasure he shall woe, with pleasure win the game.
 Nor time shall change him, nor enjoyment cloy,
 But love shall all his golden shafts employ.
 Children in crowds their table shall surround,
 Like fruitful vines with ripening clusters crown'd.
 The parents in each child shall be confest,
 Each virtue and each lineament express'd.
 Thus they in mutual bliss their destin'd date
 Imparadis'd shall spend, then yield to fate:
 To our abodes together they shall sojourn
 Nor one survive the other to deplore.

Such blessings of indulgent heaven shall smile
 On the brave heroes of *Britannia's* isle.
 The chief of these their sovereigns they shall see,
 ELIZA such, and such shall ANNA be.

Midst these CLARISSA eminently bright
 Shall with ten thousand beauties wound the sight.
 Contheding rivals shall her charms declare,
 And in sweet numbers eternize the fair:
 The fair the glorious strife shall animate
 And victory on wings suspense shall wait:
 Till STREPHON shall these fixt decrees record,
 And gain CLARISSA for the vast reward.